



I'm Not Alice



👁 124 ✓ 3 ★ 8

Chapter 1 by Sam I am

I'm not Alice so why do you keep asking me to run into rabbit holes? I don't live in a wonderland with the Cheshire. I don't have blond hair and a doll face. I'm the mad hatter. I have crazy hair and a crooked smile. My unnerving energy fills up a room without hesitation. People keep their distance from me and I don't know why. Is it because I'm not Alice?

Chapter 2 by SaintSayaka



Wonderland has fallen on hard times since Alice's departure. I should know. I'm the cause of it. A click of my fingers, and the dream ended for her. I didn't want to hurt her, trust me. I'm not totally right in the mind, but I would never cause bodily harm to someone who causes me no immediate problem. That's more than you can say of most of the folks here, right?

Look, I know you have no reason to trust me, considering that I just tied you to a chair. I just need to know if I can trust you before I continue on with my little rant, okay? It's not permanent, by any means. But if you keep scowling at me like that, it might be. There we go. A blank face is a better look for you.

So where was I? Oh, right, Alice. I'm not her. To be fair, I really have no idea who I am. I just woke up here about a year ago. So I guess I'm not as powerful as you. More powerful, but clueless. Kind of like the people in power of your world, right? Yeah, a few political jokes should lighten the mood.

Anyway,

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Chapter 3 by FiveApples



Back to the point.

Me.

I am not Alice and I never will be.

I am not beautiful. Or handsome, for that matter. Quite the opposite, really. I did not fall down into Wonderland in some rabbit hole. My first memories (which happen to be of meeting Alice) were here, in Wonderland, at a tea party. I am eccentric, egotistic, wild. Some might even go so far as to call me mad. These people, of course, do not know me. I am not at all mad. I am much, much worse.

In all honesty, you don't want to know more.

but if you insist...

From the moment I woke up at the tea table, surrounded by talking animals, I had a picture in my head. An image of a girl. Pretty, blonde, perfect in practically every way. I knew that at some point our destinies would cross. It was about an hour later, after I had acquainted myself with my animal companions, that the girl arrived at the tea party.

I welcomed her warmly, smiling and laughing even though i felt a deep hatred settling in my gut. It was at that moment that I knew, when i could feel my power rushing through my blood.

I knew my destiny.

I would have to do away with Alice.

Write a draft for chapter 4 of 8

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